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The real name of the writer should accompan each communication, to insure publication.
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THE HERALD will insert Obituaries, Resolutions of Respect and Obituary Poetry, to the amount of 150 words, free of charge. All over 150 words will be charged for at the rate of One Cent per word, the cash to accompany the manuscript, or the article will be cut down to the required limit. Postage stamps taken as cash.

HOW WEARY IS OUR HEART ! Of kings and courts, of kingly, courtly ways In which the life of man is bought and sol

How weary is our heart these many days! Parley with hell in fine and silken phrase, How weary is our heart these many days!

Of wavering counselors neither hot nor cold Whom from his mouth God speweth be, it tole How weary is our heart these many days! Yea, for the raveled night is round the lands And sick are we of all the imperial story.

The tramp of power and its long trail of pain;
The mighty brows in meanest arts grown

hoary; The mighty hands That in the dear, affronted name of peace Bind down a people to be racked and slain; The emulous armies, waxing without cease All puissant, all in vain: The pacts and leagues to murder by delays, And the dumb throngs that on the deaf thron

The lips that only babble of their mart, While to the night the shricking hamlets blaz The bought allegiance and the purchas

False honor and shameful gloryf all the evil whereof this is part the evil whereouth weary is our heart! weary is our heart these many days! —William Water

#### LEADING HEARTS.

"A disappointment connected with something near your heart, and—let me

She turned the cards up meditatively on the shining oak table and put her hands to her head in a pretty affectation of wisdom.

"That means love," laying her finger on the five of hearts, "eternal love-the love of some woman. It looks like an old friend, and she runs in hearts, I think. Yes, she is quite light. Can you place her?"

"As far as the coloring goes," h laughed. "I know any number of light women-yourself, for instance." "Oh, I'm not in it! My hair is too vellow. This one is more of the demi-

blond; something like Miss Maitlandbronze hair and blue eyes." "My dear girl, Miss Maitland isn't a blond at all. If you can't do better than

that for me, I'll throw up the whole concern." She smiled and ran off a few more cards, counting every third one in quite a professional manner.

Well, if it's not Miss Maitland, shaking her head, "you will have to fill in the name yourself. There is the ace of spades. That's bad luck and a death - Oh, there's your wish! Have you He shook his head. "You didn't tell

"Well, I tell you now. Make it right away, and a good one, too, for I believe

it's going to come true."
"But," he protested, leaning forward and resting his arms on the table, "if I make such an important one I want a guarantee. Are you prepared to give it

"Don't be absurd, Jack; this is serious. Now, wish something good." "Must I tell you what it is?"

"No," doubtfully. "You don't have to, but you can if you want to." 'Well-I will tell you if I get it Now, mind, this is very important.' "Select three cards then. Does it concern a woman?" Yes.

"I might have known it. Is she light "That would be telling."

"Oh, you are too provoking!" petulantly picking up the cards. "It would serve you right if I said you didn't get your old wish at all." "But you won't do that?"

"Be still. I will if you don't let go of my hands. See! You are making me drop all the cards."

"Nonsense! I'll help you pick them up. Just tell me if I get my wish."
"Well, I'll see. There's that ten of diamonds, and the deuce, and-ah, the ace of hearts! You will have it, sure, but there is a little disappointment just at first. I see-dear me, Jack! What are you doing? Let go my hands,"

'Not until you have given me a guarantee for my wish."

"What do you mean?" "I mean-oh, well, you have known it all along. You are my wish. No, no, don't move. Come, dear, be serious with me for once."

"But I don't want to be serious," she cried, trying to draw away from him. "You have spoiled all my fortune, Look! Here I see a gift coming."

What do I care for the cards or any thing else in the world but you? Come, Nell! Give me an answer. You must have some feeling of kindness in your heart for me, your old friend." "That's it," she whispered faltering-

ly, for the first time letting her eyes meet his. "We are such old friends. I have known you all my life-I -" rubbing her hand on the table nervously, "I am fonder of you than almost any one, but how can I tell if that is love! Jack, dear, can't we go on in the old way? I don't want to marry." Her fingers closed pleadingly. "Why should we spoil it all by getting married?"

He made a quick, impatient gesture. 'Oh, yes! I know it is different with men, but I would be contented to live on just as we are for years. Why, see! We would never know what it was to tire of each other. We would not have all the roman e brushed off our love by the monotonous intimacy of married life. We would have all of the delight with none of the despair. I don't know why marriage should be regarded as the height and pinnacle of earthly bliss. It seems to me it is the one great institu-tion that destroys love."

She gave a restless sigh and let her chin sink into the soft palms of her hands. The pink light from the lamp fell upon her yellow bair, where it lay in babyish rings on her forehead.

He stood looking at her a moment, his heart smothered with pain and long-ing and love. Then he leaned slowly forward and took both her hands from The courtyard is about 200 feet square. her face and held them in the firm clasp The far famed tank with a spout falling

his. into the courtyard is the one spot where "Nell, dear," he said softly, "you all eyes are fixed. The tank stands at

talk this way because you don't know what love is. Why, do you suppose for a moment that a mere pleasant compan-ionship would satisfy a man who loved ionship would satisfy a man who loved tom. From this it will be seen that it you? He would be only half a man to requires a pretty heavy downpour for accept what you suggested. As for me, is the second of the second is at least ten minutes to cause the spout to flow. Intermittent drizzles, which will not take a crust when I have asked to flow. Intermittent drizzles, which will not take a crust when I have asked for bread. You cannot help it, dear, and the shower to fill it must pour down un-I must drop out of your life and live my

own as best I may. He dropped her hands, and, turning away, began to finger mechanically the little string that regulated the lamp until the flame began to flicker and finally went out. "I beg your pardon. I have a match

I can light it again," he muttered bastily. She watched him in silence as he struck a light and with a steady hand

once more sent a soft glow over the

Her eyes traveled to his face, the light shining full upon it. It was strangely still. She felt a peculiar little fluttering sensation in her throat. "Jack," she whispered falteringly.

He turned in a sudden passion, an catching both her hands drew her near to him—so near that his white face was almost touching hers.

She did not move, but a deep flush crept over his tanned cheeks, and his arms tightened convulsively. The force of his clasp crushed and hurt her. His face came nearer, nearer. Their breaths mingled. Then, with a sharp exclama-tion, he loosened his hold—so quickly, so suddenly, that she almost fell back

"Forgive me," he muttered boarsely Don't speak to me. Good night. Say good night to your mother too. He pulled aside the curtain with a rough hand and stepped into the hall. She could hear him getting into his coat: Her hands were still fingering the cards. From the force of habit she turned three

up. Her eyes fell upon them as they lay under the lamplight. A mistake—he was getting his cane now. A—the door was opening—a heartache. She felt the cool night wind on her neck and turned slightly. Then there was the sound of the closing door echoing through the silent bouse-

Her eyes clung to the cards. They seemed to mock her. She stretched her arms out blindly toward the door and tried to call his name, but her lips did ot move.

Then in a frenzy of pain she scattere the cards on the table. Her eyes fell suddenly upon one. She snatched it recklessly from the pack, and rushing into the hall flung the door wide open. "Jack! Jack!" she panted.

He was half way down the steps, as as he paused and turned toward her, she impulsively threw the card at his feet. He stooped wonderingly, and raising it held it up to the light. It was the five of hearts.

"Nell!" he cried, springing up the steps. His voice was hardly to be recog-A sudden flutter of nervousness swept

over her, and with a throb of fear she neavily against the panels. "Nell, Nell, open! What do you mean?"

The door did not move. 'Sweetheart!"

Then there was a little uncertain turning of the knob and a crack of light appeared. Crushing through it, he aught the slight, trembling form in his onivering arms.

"Nell, Nell, what do you mean?" "I mean," her words falling spas-nodically from her lips, "I mean that I She never fully recovered from an atwant to give you my-guarantee." Leigh Ford in Truth.

The Windsor Castle Ghost.

insist that his eyes did not deceive him, and, judging from the details of his experience which he gravely gives to all inquirers, it is more than probable that he is quite right, at least so far as regards his assertion that he "saw something." It is easy to see something almost anywhere, and in Windsor castle there is a large number of people who may well have little affairs of their own which their duty as royal servitors prevents them from attending to except in as it may, Lieutenant Glyn courageous ly, perhaps indiscreetly, declares: First, that he was sitting quietly in the castle library, improving his mind by a peru-sal of "The History of Dorsetshire;" in black, with black lace on her head and falling to her shoulders, who passed noiselessly across the room and disap-

ange of view. This is all there was to the appari tion, and the lieutenant—wisely enough —would have thought nothing more of the episode had not an attendant come in soon after to close the library. Lieutenant Glyn told the man that there was lady in the inner room. The servant investigated. There was no lady. And the chief librarian, who was then summoned, immediately declared that the young man had seen the specter of Queen Elizabeth. Lieutenant Glyn was willing to let it go at that, and the story has deeply impressed everybody in England except a few cynics. The dean of family" have interviewed the guardsman, and the papers have given much space to the occurrence. Meanwhile, doubtless, some young woman is blessing the superstitious tendency of her fellow countrymen, and it's not impossible that some young man is equally

peared in a corner that was out of his

Effect of Familiarity. "Breeves is pretty familiar with the

pleased at it. - New York Times.

law. I am told. "Wonderfully so. I guess that is why he manages to get himself fined for contempt every session."-Indianapolis Journal.

### BETTING ON THE RAIN.

The Queerest Gambling Game In World Is Played at Calcutta. One of the most curious forms of gambling in the world is "rain gambling," which in the winter season of

the year is at its height in Calcutta.

The principal rain gambling den is in Cotton street, Burra bazaar. No one who has not visited the place can have any conception of the vast crowds which at every hour of the day and far into night pass in and out. The great majority are Mawaris, who are born speculators, but there are as well plenty of well to do Europeans, Eurasians, Jews, Armenians and Greeks and women too. All swarm into the small courtyard where this strange form of gambling is carried on, through a narrow entrance barely 8 feet wide.

the edge of a second floor roof. It is about 6 feet long by 4 feet wide and 9 inches deep, with the spout opening inward, some 3 or 4 inches from the bot interruptedly, and then the bets are won or lost.

Chances are taken either for or against

the spout running. A gray haired, wisened old man is the owner of the en, and there is another similar place across the road, only smaller. On the roof, over the fifth floor, there is a small, square watch tower, in which are stationed five or six men, whose duty is to sean the horizon closely and report on the formation of rainclouds On these reports the odds rise or fall.

A bet made and won one day is al ways paid the following morning Everything seems to be "on the square," and indeed there is little chance for cheating. The odds range as high as 1 to 75 on some days, even in the rainy season. Many have made a fortune in a single day. One person won over £5, 000 in the course of a few weeks. But he worked the system on scientific methods.-New York Herald.

Senator and Soldiers.

The days when senators and representatives in congress were expected to frank letters for private soldiers, re-counted by Mr. J. A. Watrous of Chicago n some army reminiscences, were dangerous ones for congressional visits to

the military camps.

Mr. Watrous says that Senator Timo-thy O. Howe of Wisconsin once visited the headquarters of his friend, General Rufus King, and was at the first opportuunity besieged by the soldiers with packages of envelopes to be franked. Senator Howe was one of the most good natured of men, and immediately sat down in the tent of one of the captains and began to frank envelopes by the hundred

General King had made special preparations for a dinner in honor of his guest. It was to eclipse all the camp inners that had been given for a long time. Senator Howe had been franking envelopes about half an hour when the call came for dinner. He went on writing, and General King came to get him. 'Go on, King; I'll be there directly,'

said the senator Dinner was served. The guests had arrived. No one ste, but after awhile the colored cook was sent to tell the senator that the meal was getting cold. "Oh, tell them to go ahead," said

the senator, still writing madly on soldiers' envelopes. "I'll be with them as soon as I can. He finished the pile and rose to go, but just then two more soldiers came in with fresh parcels, and he seated himself again. After he had signed them all he joined the impatient company at

cold dinner. "I'm sorry," he said, "but it made the boys happy. They will make their slammed the door tight, but he knocked friends happy with all the letters they will send in those franked envelopes, and it made me happy to do it."

#### AUNT HANNA CHARD.

the Was the Oldest Woman In New Jersey and Had Many Descendants. Aunt Hannah Chard, the oldest woman in New Jersey, died recently at the home of her son Joel in Ferrel, Gloucester county. Had she lived until April

tack of grip which she had this winter, but she had hoped to live to celebrate her one hundred and eighth anniversary. "Aunt Hannah," as she was familiar-Lieutenant Glyn, the young guards—ly called in the vicinity of her home, was man who recently encountered a born in New York. Her father was Pe-'ghost" in Windsor castle, continues to ter Wilderberger, a man-o'-war's man. He died when Hannah was an infant. Her mother soon married again, and her stepfather treated her cruelly, and Hannah ran away from home with only her dog for a protector. She sold flowers in the streets of Philadelphia, and she always referred with pride to the fact

that she had Washington and Lafayette among her customers. She was soon after "bound out" to a farmer whose place was on the Brandywine. The family with whom ways as mysterious as possible. Be that she lived soon after moved into New Jersey and settled near the site of her late home, which was then in the midst of a wilderness. At the age of 22 she married William Chard. Twelve children were born to them, two of whom second, that, glancing up from this far survive her. They are Joel, 71 years from exciting volume, he saw a woman old, with whom she lived, and William, survive her. They are Joel, 71 years

who is 66. Her husband died 14 years ago, when he was 91 years old. Aunt Hannah celebrated her one hundred and seventh birthday last year, when nearly 150 descendants, representing five generations, gathered at her son's home. Aunt Hannah's mind was sound until the last, and her step was firm and elastic until

### LATEST TELEPHONE IDEA.

"Central" Wakes Sick People In Time Take Their Medicine.

The latest idea in telephone applications comes from Mobile, where the local telephone company is said to have arranged with patrons who are ordered to take medicine at frequent in-Windsor took pains to get all the de-tails, "several members of the royal up on the telephone when it is time to up on the telephone when it is time to take the dose. The receiver is carried to the bed and placed close to the ear of the sleeper, with a call bell of low

Another curious point has just been brought out. So many burglaries have been frustrated by the police appearing on the scene at a most inconvenien time for the burglars, in response to a elephone call from the inmates of the louse, that the first thing a cracksman now does on getting into a house is to cut the telephone wires. This was done in a recent case of

consebreaking, but the lady of the house quickly evened up matters by stairs and instantly lighting every electric lamp in the house. The disgusting publicity which this involved was too much for the feelings of the thieves who forthwith decamped.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

With a 82.50 Gun.

John Richards of Bartow county, Ga., killed during the late hunting sea on in the Wolf Pen mountains the fol lowing game: Thirteen turkeys, 70 squirrels, 85 rabbits, 86 opossums and 8 large rattlesnakes. This game was all had gone to bed, I said to him: killed with a \$2.50 shotgun, which is "General, it seems singular that you laid away until the next season opens up. "Uncle John," as he is familiarly called by the neighbors, is an old veteran of the Fortieth Georgia regimen and has been under the fires of many battles. He was wounded in the battle f Baker's Creek. He served two years n the war and never missed a roll call during the time he was in service. He will soon celebrate his sixty-second birthday .- Atlanta Constitution.

ways noticed, too, that swearing helps ILLUSTRATED HUMOR



Professor Scroggs-Talk about hard times, gentlemen. Why, just think of the Stone age. —Up to Date.



Cholly (to himself)-And to think that this is the young lady that I promised me governor I'd whisper soft noth

ings to .- Truth. The Matter Explained.



"Look a-here, Sam, yo' tole me dat

why he's in de pen. "-New York Jour-



Fat Man-What a consummate ass that fellow looks in that get up!-Comic

An Excuse For a Senator

"H'm! I thought you were demand ing the abolition of the senate?" "So I was! So I was! That was the very issue on which I secured the senatorial nomination."-Journal Amusant.



Mother-Did you steal the cake, Ed-Eddie-No, ma'am. Did I, Elsie?

No, 'deed, mamma. I saw him didn't. -Truth Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Elsie (who got a piece of the cake)

Grant Never Swore. [The Century.] General Horace Porter, in his "Campaigning with Grant," says: While sitting with General Grant at the camp-

fire late one night, after every one else have gone through all the rough and tumble of army service and frontier life, and have never been provoked into swearing. I have never heard you utter an oath or use an imprecation." "Well somehow or other. In ever learned to swear," he replied slowly. "When a boy I seemed to have an aversion to it, and when I became a

man I saw the folly of it. I have al-

to rouse a man's anger; and when a man flies into a passion his adversary who keeps cool always gets the better of him. In fact, I could never see the use of swearing. I think it is the case with many people who swear excessively that it is a mere habit, and that they do not mean to be profane; but, to say the least, it is a great waste of time.' His example in this respect was once quoted in my hearing by a member of the Christian commission to a teamster in the army of the Potomac, in the hope of lessening the volume of rare oats with which he was italicizing his

#### Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

language, and upon which he seemed

to be placing his main reliance in mov-

ing his mule team out of a mudhole

The only reply evoked from him wis: "Then thar's one thing sart'in; the old

man never driv mules."

Tariff Illustrated.

Cincinnati Enquirer. CANTON, O .- An Incident has happened right here at the home of "Protperity's Advanced Agent" that fully illustrates the working of Mr. McKinley's tariff ideas.

K. I. Newman, proprietor of the Numan house, recently had occasion to buy some table lineus, and be went to the store that sold him a former bill. Table linens run in prices from 25 cents to \$1 a yard, and Mr. Numan was after the 37j-cent quality. "I'd like to see some of the same linen I got bere about three months ago. Let's see -that was 37 cents a yard, wasn't it?"

"Yes," replied the proprietor. "But that quality is 47; cents now. We will have to give you a different grade for 374 cents." "Better?"

"No, of course not." "Why, how does that come?" ueried the hotel man. "Linens have gone up on account of

the Dingly bill," explained the sales-

"But that bill isn't in effect yet." "Oh, I know that, but you'll have to pay more than that in a short time. Linens are on the advance." "And this all on account of the tariff bill? Why, say only last summer I heard Major McKinley say right up here on his porch that the

"Well, he doesn't, all right, " The consumer has to pay the tax." "And so they are going to assess me 10 cents a yard on this stuff. I wonder where I get any rebate? The tariff hasn't placed me in a position to stand such an advance."

foreigner pays the tax."

Mr. Numan wore a McKinley butyo'r oldes' brudder had entered de ton all last winter, and had it on his church, an now I fin dat he's in de pen- coat in the store. He tore it off and threw it away, and he is scratching all "Well, dat's all right. He dun enter- the hair off his head while meditating ed de church, but dey caught him. Dat's on how he can make up the extra amount he has to pay for linens, since the Advance Agent of Prosperity; has gone to Washington.

The Patent Octopus.

There is something fatally defective in our public school education and in our laws that they leave so large a class of our people uninformed and uprotected against the schemes of adroit robbers, patent sharks and octopi, who use the press of the United States for their shingle and the United States mails for their tentacles. There are fads in robbing as in everything else and, just now, the fad is to persuade poor dullards that fortunes are waiting for them in patents, which it is "so easy for them to invent."

Patent agents are flooding the country with "list of [inventions wanted and with stories of astonishing wealth made by inventors. The inventions are course, not wanted, nine-tenths of them are already patented; but the patent octopus gets his fee as soon as he states that the thing patentable, and he then files the application, to keep on the safe side of the law. Having the fee in his pocket, he gives himself no further concern about the interests of his dear client. The application for a patent is in due course refused by the United States Patent Office. Meanwhile, the hapless inventor is perhaps selling his farm or house in order to raise the capital to exploit his promised patent, or to patent it in Europe, South America and Asia, for, the unscrupulous bandit who has bim in tow has told him that he will not only get him foreign pstents, but will sell them for him. Finally he becomes impatient of the delay in the issue of his United States patent. He writes his attorney. If he gets an answer it will be an evasive one. Probably his attorney will not answer him at all, and he finds by writing to the Commissioner of Patents that his application for patent has long since been rejected. This is a story that tens of thousands

of applicants for patents will recoginze. A bills pending in the United States Senate making it a misdemeanor agent. punishable by fine or imprisonment for an alleged patent attorney to offer prizes or medal to his correspondents. prizes or medal to his correspondents. CHESTER A. SNOW.

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Women

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COUNTY COURT.

QUARTERLY COURT. Begins on the third Monday in January, April uly and October. COURT OF CLAIMS.

G. S. FILBRUGH, Surveyor—Sulphur Springs.
N. C. DANIEL, Assessor—Cromwell.
Z. H. SHULTZ, School Supt.—Hartford.
L. W. Hunt, Coroner—Sulphur Springs.
C. R. CAMPBELE, Poorhouse keeper, Hartford. POLICE COURTS.

IUSTICES' COURTS. FORDSVILLE.—J. A. Bowling—Barrett's Ferry, farch 21, June 20, September 19, December 19. BUFORD.—Ben F. Graves —March 26, June 25, estember 24. December 24. ond,-A. S. Aull-March 5, June eptember 3, December 3. Rosing,-C.L. Woodward-March 12, June 11, Sep CROMWELL.—Jont B. Wilson—March 7, June 6 entember 8. December 8.

FORDSVILLE—J. H. Oller, Fordsville, Ky. Buford—J. L. Patton, Buforp, Ky. Rosing—Thomas Allen, Rosine, Ky. CROMWELL—R. B. Martin, Cromwell, Ky. Hartford—Hosea Shown, Hartford, Ky. TOWN TRUSTEES. Geo Klein, T. J. Smith, A. J. Bell, Chairman, E. Bean, Secretary; J. A. Thomas, Treasury.

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BAPTIST CHURCH—Services second Sunday in each month, at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursdayevening.

M. E. CHURCH, South—Rev. J. S. Chand er, Pastor. Services third Sunday in each month at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m., and fourth Sunday at 7 p. m. rayer meeting every Wednesday evening.

C. P. CHURCH—Rev. J. P. Hicks, pastor. Services first Sunday in each month, morning and night. Prayer meeting every Monday night.

SECREMT SOCIENTIES.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Rockport Lodge No. 312, F. & A. M. Meets regularly on the first and third Saturday nights in each mouth.

Stated meeting of Hartford Lodge No. 675 F. & A. Masons, first Monday night in each mouth. All brethren are invited to attend regularly. J. P. Sanderfur, W. M.; G. B. Likens, Secretary. Rough River Lodge No. 110 Knights of Pythias.—Meets at the Hall every Tuesday night. Visiting brethren are cordially invited. R. W. Ford, C. C. Jno. B. Wilson, K. of R. S.

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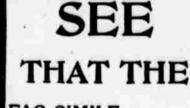
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Chief Justice-W. S. Pryor. Judges-Geo.
Durelle, T. H. Paynter, B. L. D. Gutty, J. H.
Hazelrigg, J. H. Lewis. Reporter-K.W. Hipes.
Clerk Court of Appeals-A. Adams. Deputy
Clerks-R. L. Greene, Wood Longmoor, Jr.
Sergeant-W. S. B. Hill. Tipstaff-C, C. Turner.

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D. M. HOCKER, Clerk—Hartford.
R. P. Neat, Attorney—Hartford
Court convenes first Monday in each month.

Convenes first Monday in January and Tues-ay after the fourth Monday in October. OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.

POLICE COURTS,

HARTFORD,—J. F. Carson, Judge: J. P. Stevens
Marshal. B. L. Kelley, Att'y. Court held every
second Monday in each month.

BEAVER DAM,—W. H. Austin, Judge; Ben
Rummage, Marshal. Court held first Saturday in
each month.

CROMWELL.—J. P. Cooper, Judge; Fins
Burden, Marshal. Court held second Saturday in
January, April, July and October,
HAMILTON.—L. Francis, Judge; D. W. Roll,
Marshal. Court held third Saturday in January,
April, July and October.

ROCKPORT.—W. B. James, Judge, J. J. Gilem,
Marshal. Court held first Monday in January,
April, July and October.

ROSINE.—Jonathan Raley Judge; H. Morris,
Marshal. Court held first Saturday in each
month.

month.

CERALVO.—N. B. Fulkerson, Judge J. W.
Garrett, Marshal.

Courts held fourth Saturday
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